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TWO DAYS IN DUNDEE.

The east coast of Scotland, as is well known, is jagged in a very provoking way with several arms of the sea, which push inconveniently up into the country, and are the pest of that fastidious class of travellers who dislike exchanging their seat in a carriage for the less easy deck of a steamer, to heave and flounder, as it may be, on the surface of those great salt-water lakes. On the northern shore of one of these estuaries stands Dundee, a town many centuries old, but vastly increased in size during recent years; and to this ancient, and now busy hive of population I found myself on my way from Edinburgh, one morning lately, at a very early hour. Fortunately, on this occasion, the two firths to be crossed were in fair voyageable condition; and even had they been otherwise, the drive across the intermediate peninsula of Fife would have been ample compensation.

It was a crisp Monday morning in January. The air was clear and exhilarating; the well-cultured fields were already assuming a greenish hue from the rising crops of winter wheat; and trim barnyards, choked with grain, gave token that there was still, to say the least, nothing like positive scarcity in the land. To these and other rural objects of attraction were added some social features of not less interest. The day was the great annual holiday of this part of Scotland—the first Monday of the year, old style, locally known as 'Auld Handsel Monday.' No working in Fife on Auld Handsel Monday. Coal-miners, ploughmen, domestic servants, and bonnet lairds, of which there are great numbers hereabouts, still hold rigorously by this ancient festival. The roads, accordingly, were thronged with parties bound on expeditions to the houses of relatives and friends; some carrying what I presumed to be small presents, and all dressed in their best attire, orderly, and respectable. Strange to find that, after the lapse of a century since the change in the calendar, a holiday according to the old style of reckoning is still kept over a considerable district of country! There are some things which acts of parliament cannot reach, and Auld Handsel Monday is one of them.

But leaving Fife behind, we must get on to Dundee, which, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, issuing from a crowd of lofty chimneys, did not make itself visible till I was actually landed on its quays. The Dundee folks, however, as I am well informed, care little about the smoke; the great thing with them being plenty of orders for the products of their foundries, spinning-mills, and factories. A sagacious, enterprising set of people, with an indomitable spirit of industry, are the inhabitants of Dundee. I like to see a town take up a branch of manufacture in earnest, and stick to it so pertinaciously as to gain for it a name; and a name

in manufactures is a fortune. It would be a long story to tell how Dundee struggled into a name for its trade in the coarser species of linens; but this name it finally attained; its celebrity and its population increasing with equal rapidity. Some centuries ago, during the old Scottish monarchy, the only ports of any consequence in this quarter of the kingdom were situated along the southern shore of Fife. In progress of time, down most of these sunk almost to annihilation, and out of the wreck of their trade, with a new trade of its own, arose the port of Dundee. Such, some will say, are the strange vicissitudes of commerce; such, I imagine, are the triumphs of energy over indolence. Good luck has always a good foundation. The way the Dundee folks earn their bread is instructive. A fibrous vegetable grows in Pomerania, and other countries adjoining the Baltic. With soil to grow, the people of these regions possess neither the skill nor the capital to fashion the raw vegetable product into the articles for which it is adapted. In this emergency up rise a handful of Scotsmen on the banks of the Tay, who import the fibrous material in great quantities, hackle, spin, twine, weave, bleach, calender it, and lo and behold! half the ships which speck the wide ocean are provided with sails, and half the planter population of America furnished with a clothing suitable to their burning climate! As in the case of the cotton manufacture, there is something interesting in this process of bringing home a rude, and sending away a finished material. In the course of last year, about forty thousand tons of flax, hemp, and kindred substances were imported at Dundee, and pretty nearly eight hundred thousand pieces of cloth of various sorts exported.

I did not visit the banks of the Tay to see manufactories, but the opportunity was too good to be lost; and by the kindness of those on whom I had occasion to throw myself, I obtained an idea of how a bale of flax may be made to assume the character of a web of sail-cloth. What a spectacle of automatic and human industry is exhibited in the extensive mills of Messrs Baxter Brothers and Company. Here everything is done, from the dressing of the flax to the dismission of the cloth. Six magnificent steam-engines give motion to the apparatus of spinning and weaving, arranged in different edifices within a neatly-kept courtyard. Fourteen hundred individuals are employed in the establishment. Formerly, the process of hackling, or cleansing the fibres of the flax, was performed by hand-labour; but a strike of the persons employed in this department has led to the substitution of machinery, which, from its simplicity and efficiency, appeared to be not the least interesting part of the works. By this ingenious apparatus, a few boys and girls, acting as attendants, execute what was at one time the labour of a hundred and fifty men. Another interesting department comprises

the various large apartments full of spinning frames, superintended almost entirely by young girls, who at certain hours, and in relays, attend a school within the premises. But the most curious sight of all is a large apartment, lighted from the roof, containing two hundred and eighty power-looms (the number shortly to be increased to four hundred), the whole superintended by young women, each of whom has two looms under her charge. These power-looms are made of iron, and of considerable strength, having to perform much heavier work than the weaving apparatus in cotton factories. At the time of my visit, the cloth in most of the looms was a stout fabric, of which bags were to be formed for the importation of flour and grain. A glance at the rapid manner in which the looms went through their operations, showed the folly of attempting to compete with them by hand-weaving. Each girl, I was told, can produce, from the two power-looms which she superintends, as much as four hundred yards of cloth weekly, while no man with a hand-loom, according to the ancient process, could turn out in the same space of time more than one hundred and twenty yards. The struggle at competition, therefore, is melancholy and hopeless: it is a vain battle against the united powers of art and nature. Painful, however, as the spectacle may be in reference to the expiring efforts of the hand-loom weavers, we must not allow humanity to blind us to the fact, that by means of the power-loom the material is not only greatly reduced in price, but is produced quickly, and in abundance, when it is required. Perhaps it could be shown that the present dearth might have been somewhat aggravated but for the services of this useful piece of machinery. It was, at all events, pleasing to see the order, propriety, and diligence that prevailed throughout these extensive mills; regulated, as they appeared to be, by that blending of discipline and benevolence which is desirable in the largest as in the smallest establishment.

I was also conducted over one of the principal calendering concerns in Dundee, a sight which should not be omitted by any one desirous of having a thorough idea of the linen manufacture. At the Trades' Lane Calendering Company, cloth is received in a rough state from the factories, and is subjected to a process of smoothing between a series of heavy iron rollers, moved by steam-power. After this, it is cut in pieces of a certain length, and having received the appropriate marks, and been tied up, is then packed into massive square bales for exportation. The packing is effected by means of monster hydraulic machines, communicating an enormous pressure.

The last scene of manufacturing industry to which I was obligingly admitted, was the extensive engineering establishment of Messrs Kinmonds, Hutton, and Steel, where machines of various kinds and locomotive engines were in the course of preparation by a great number of hands. The principal operations, however, were on locomotives, which I saw in every stage of progress, and which it is impossible to get ready with sufficient speed for the demand. A railway between Dundee and Perth, to be opened in the course of the summer, will absorb not a few of these huge, handsome-looking machines, the price of which, I believe, is about £2000 each.

It was a curious transition—like the magic shift in a pantomime—to find myself, in the space of an hour, transferred from the tumult of roaring furnaces and clanging hammers to the perfect repose of a gorgeous apartment in one of the finest mansions in the Carse

of Gowrie—the sun in its declining splendour tinged with glory the distant hills of Fife, and lighting up with its parting rays a foreground of the most beautiful park scenery in Scotland. A day spent at Rosbie Priory with Lord Kinnaird formed a charming interlude in my northern excursion; for to all the usual graces of a person in his rank, his lordship adds an earnest desire to be useful in the great cause of social amelioration; and not only so, but possesses the energy to execute what is with too many a matter of mere sentiment or fruitless talk. Of what Lord Kinnaird has done within his own domains, in the way of moral and physical improvement, it would be presumptuous in me to speak. A wider field of operations has engaged his attention in Dundee—a town, with all its industry and intelligence, requiring the services of men disposed to carry out the purposes of an enlightened philanthropy. For many years his lordship has acted as president of the Watt Institution of Dundee. This is an establishment resembling the Athenaeum of Manchester, though on a smaller scale, and is named after the illustrious James Watt—a somewhat more rational plan of honouring a great man than that of erecting a pillar, or any other useless piece of masonry, to his memory.* The Watt Institution was now to have its annual festival; and having been invited to attend on the occasion, I went in company with Lord Kinnaird, its president. The meeting, in the form of a soirée, enlivened by speakers on matters of moral and social advancement, was felt, I believe, to be a somewhat more than usually happy one: to me at least it afforded all the pleasure which I had been led to anticipate.

My visit to Dundee for the purpose of attending this festive meeting, afforded an opportunity, too good to be lost, for seeing a school for beggar and vagrant children, that had been established little more than a month in the town, and in the success of which I felt some considerable interest. What an object of attraction! But every man has his crotchets, and mine is pretty much to this effect—that prisons and police-offices might almost be brought to the agreeable climax of shutting up shop, if wandering destitute children were captured, and forthwith marched off to school. It may perhaps be recollected that, in November 1845, I gave an account in these pages of a visit to Aberdeen, where juvenile vagrancy and crime had been almost annihilated by the establishment of certain Schools of Industry. The narrative would appear to have created some sensation. Humanity was roused to the importance of schools of this nature; and to the credit of two or three places in England, they made an effort to establish institutions on the Aberdeen model. What, however, has been a very amusing consequence of the article in question, is the great amount of talk it elicited without anything being actually undertaken or done. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and numberless other populous towns, in which you can scarcely move a dozen yards without being beset by a child in tatters begging for halfpence, and who lives as much by stealing as mendicancy—in such towns, I say, the talk about getting up Schools of Industry has

* In the museum of the institution I was shown a drawing of an arch, proposed to be erected on one of the quays in honour of her Majesty's landing at the spot a year or two ago. Besides being discreditable in point of architectural taste, this piece of masonry, I feel assured, could be productive of nothing but ridicule, on account of its utter uselessness, and also inappropriateness, to the locality; and I would therefore humbly suggest a reconsideration of the subject before any serious expenses are incurred.

been an uninterrupted clatter during the last fifteen months. Men in authority have gone about half-frantic, talking of what they would do in the way of rescuing poor houseless infants from a life of crime and wretchedness. But the misfortune is, they never do it. Not a child is ever rescued; the police calendar is just as heavy as ever. The thing is all a delusion—a monomania. And yet I would not speak too severely of these benevolent projectors. Connected as they usually are with parochial boards, they would appear to possess neither sufficient influence to move such inert bodies, nor the courage to break away and organise schools on an independent footing. In Aberdeen, and also in Dundee, the error of depending on these bodies has fortunately been avoided. No parochial authority has there been consulted. Private benevolence and enterprise have done it all; and with these agents, what may not be anywhere, and on any matter of social concern, accomplished? However unpleasant comparisons may be, it is worthy of observation that, in point of general zeal and benevolence, Dundee, in the present instance, has gone considerably beyond Aberdeen. In the latter town, the institution of Industrial Schools was the work of comparatively few individuals, inspired by the persevering efforts of Sheriff Watson; and the support of the schools has always been a matter of some difficulty. In Dundee, on the other hand, there has been a surprising activity and unanimity in the whole undertaking. Without regard to sect or party, almost every person possessing the means has entered warmly into the enterprise, and subscribed for its support. Already the annual subscriptions amount to £500.

Nowhere have I ever seen so healthy a tone of feeling with respect to Industrial Schools as in Dundee—the practical value of such institutions appealing, as it were, to a class of faculties only found in activity among a manufacturing and commercial population. During my stay in Dundee, I visited the Industrial School twice, in order to see it under different aspects. It is situated at the remote extremity of a somewhat obscure lane, and is entirely what such an establishment ought to be—an old house fitted up in a plain way, with a species of courtyard in front. The building, it seems, was an old warehouse, which has been obtained on lease; and the fittings-up consist of only partitions of rough planks, with a suitable number of forms and tables, and a few kitchen utensils for preparing food in one of the apartments. The directors have been particularly fortunate in procuring a master for the boys and a mistress for the girls from Aberdeen, and under the charge of these superintendents I found the work of the school in full operation. No other classification is observed than the separation of the sexes, at all hours except during meals, when they assemble together. Nor would any finical distinction be of much practical value. The whole are children in rags, destitute, and less or more demoralised by begging, or the commission of petty delinquencies. The greater number were barefooted, and the only appearance of superiority as to dress, consisted of the girls being in uniform checked pinafores, which had been supplied by the benevolence of some ladies. Since the opening of the school, 106 pupils—namely, 65 boys, and 41 girls—had been admitted, and nearly all were present on the occasion of my visits. The spectacle of so many little creatures in such a condition and circumstances caused some depressing, but also some cheering, considerations. What a fate, from no blame of their own, had awaited them from birth! What untold miseries had the bulk of them not endured! Let me run over a few of these statistics of juvenile suffering. One child has no father or mother—a homeless, uncared-for being; 30 have no father; 10 have no mother; 16 have been abandoned by their father; 11 have been abandoned by one or both of their parents; and 38 have both parents in town, but almost without exception of worthless character. With respect to their ages—28 are under seven years, 42 between seven and ten, and 30 from ten to four-

teen years. Among the whole, 32 are natives of Ireland.

Age forms a very insufficient standard whereby to judge of admissibility. It was originally intended to exclude children less than seven years old, but a short experience proved the fallacy of any such arrangement. One pupil, although no more than six years of age, has been twice in Bridewell—in the second instance for housebreaking. An infant burglar—a criminal from the nursery! Looking round the room at these unfortunate beings, quietly picking at pieces of oakum, the schoolmaster whisperingly observed to me, 'You see there before you some of the most notorious beggars and thieves in Dundee. The bulk of them are known to the police, and have been frequently in confinement. Taught nothing good, their minds are in a terrible state of disorder. But we must do what we can for them.' As far as I was able to judge, the appearance of the heads were not particularly bad; but the physiognomies were unequivocally of a mean order. The truth is, these children are for the most part clever and knowing. Thrown, since their emancipation from the cradle, principally on their own resources, their wits have been precociously sharpened in an extraordinary degree. Their task has been to forage for almost every meal—snatched by their hunger at any hour and in any place—to study all possible means of exciting charity, and to contrive petty depredations; and this has formed an education which, though destructive to the moral feelings, has greatly excited the observing faculties. With the whole mind, however, directed to the accomplishment of bad ends, and accustomed to deal with realities, their cleverness does not enable them readily to comprehend ordinary school instructions. They are at that stage of intellectual advancement which apprehends pictorial representation, but not the language which would attempt to rouse impressions of the same kind in the imagination. May we not from this infer that the intellect of these children resembles the condition of mind common among Europeans generally six or eight centuries ago? If such, as I am inclined to think, be the case, a Ragged School forms an interesting subject of contemplation to the student of human character.

Like the Schools of Industry at Aberdeen, the Dundee establishment was primarily and partly composed of begging children swept from the streets by the police; and as vagrant children are still brought hither, a troublesome nuisance is kept down, or stopped as soon as it arises. There has, however, been little need for compulsion. The scholars attend voluntarily, from being presented with the offer of shelter, warmth, and food; and on this account it has been found necessary to exercise extreme caution as to admissions. Some humane persons would advocate indiscriminate charity, and offer an asylum to all the real or assumed pauper children in the country. Nothing in the present state of society could prove more disastrous than such benevolence. Many parents are so depraved, that they would desert their children, or send them out to beg, in order that they might be captured and taken to these pauper nurseries. Cases of this kind are already well known. Some time ago, a family of young children were found in the streets of Edinburgh, deserted by their parents. Without home or friends, they were taken to the House of Refuge, and there, on public charity, kept for twelve months. At length the worthless parents of these hapless beings applied for the restoration of their children; and in doing so, did not scruple to confess that they had secretly waited at a distance to see their family taken possession of by the police. It had suited their fancy to leave the town for a distant part of the country, and they had adopted this mode of travelling unincumbered. A very convenient way this of handing over children to be reared at the public expense! But revelations still more curious await us. There are parents in Dundee who have been known to remove their children from factories in order to make them beggars. It is all a matter of shillings

and pence. An act of parliament was some time ago passed to prevent children under a certain age from attending in factories more than six hours daily, exclusively of three hours for education. Since this came into operation, the wages of such children have been reduced to fifteenpence a-week. The parents of many, believing that more may be realised by begging, remove their children from the mills, and send them out as mendicants. Latterly, a new alternative has presented itself. The Industrial School is known to give three meals a-day; and the question arises, whether this quantity of food, independently of the charge taken of the children, is not of greater value than the fifteenpence weekly received from the mills, or the money picked up by begging. All, I say, is a matter of calculation, and the poor are shrewd calculators. It would be undesirable here to discuss the expediency or justice of a law which prevents parents in humble circumstances from selling the labour of their children for as much as it will bring in the market. I confine myself to what I heard and saw in Dundee, in relation to what it is to be hoped are exceptional cases of depravity. On the day of my first visit to the School of Industry, several children who had been abstracted from factories applied for admittance, but were very properly refused. One girl, however, who had passed through the transition state of mendicancy, I found had, for a special reason, been received some weeks previously. This unfortunate being confessed to me that she had been formerly employed in a spinning-mill; that her mother took her away from that occupation because she got only a shilling a-week,* and had sent her into the streets to beg; from which she was afterwards brought here to school. If there be the slightest truth in these statements, they demand the most earnest consideration, with a view to adopting measures which shall arrest the progress of parental cupidity, and also of the demoralisation which may possibly ensue from legislative interference with labour.†

Much to the credit of all parties concerned, including a committee of ladies, who are indefatigable in their usefulness, the case of every child brought to the school is carefully investigated, and all who appear to be improper objects are rejected. Besides all requisite examinations into family circumstances, the best, if not the only test of admissibility consists in making the school as little attractive as possible. The obligation to labour for three or four hours daily is a penalty which ought to be rigorously exacted. In Dundee, as I have already mentioned, the school is of a suitably unattractive kind; and labour, blended with elementary instruction, is strictly imposed. The preparation of oakum is the work of the boys, and the girls are employed in knitting, sewing, and other feminine duties. The period of attendance is from half-past eight in the morning till eight in the evening: thus the pupils are removed from the streets during the whole day. They

receive a breakfast of oatmeal porridge and treacle, a dinner of barley broth and bread, and a piece of bread before dismissal at night. The fare, though wholesome, would perhaps be rejected by English children; but anything better would be ruinous to the objects of the institution.

Such, then, is the Industrial School of Dundee, which, so far as it has gone, can be spoken of only with commendation. That, under the respectable and careful management it has been so fortunate as to procure, it will realise all reasonable expectations, I have no doubt, and great will be the blessing accordingly. I have only one word to say in concluding this rambling narrative, and that is, to express my gratification at finding so many young men concerned in objects of public usefulness in Dundee. And is this not altogether a favourable trait of our age? In the healthy young mind of Britain, coming more and more prominently into action, we are to look for much that is desirable in the social amelioration of our country. And how much more glorious the career which opens to the young men of the present day, in effecting objects of general improvement, than that which fell to the lot of their predecessors—a generation doomed to spend a lifetime amidst the profitless wranglings of party, and whose minds, untrained to a single exact principle, were little else than a dreary chaos of prejudice and error! Go on, young men, everywhere, in the great crusade now happily commenced against human ignorance, selfishness, and depravity. To your hands—to the hands of men who will work, instead of talking—I commend the consideration of many questions besides the establishment of INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

W. C.

LOVE AND FIDELITY.

A TALE.

In the autumn of 1816, a chaise drove up to the gateway of an ancient château, situated near to St André de Cubzac, a village in Gascony, on the road southward to Bourdeaux. The fortunes of this château were remarkable. It had for ages been the residence of the Counts de Marcella, but at this period it was inhabited by no other human being than an old peasant woman, named Petronille, and her daughter.

Petronille was a singular woman: she had nursed the last Count de Marcella; and although this was now forty years ago, the lapse of time did not prevent her from still feeling towards her nursing the affection of a mother, notwithstanding she had not seen him since the year 1778, when the Countess de Marcella quitted the castle with her son to rejoin her husband in Paris. She had remained there until the Revolution. The family was then obliged to fly. The empire had since crumbled away, and then came the restoration; but Petronille had not heard of her masters even once during all this series of years.

Great misery reigned throughout the château de Marcella. The lands lay uncultivated, and had ceased to bear; the vine-stocks not being renewed, had perished one by one; the walls, already very old, grew dilapidated; the roof fell in, and large gutters were formed in it, so that when it rained, one was scarcely more sheltered within than without. Petronille had, many and many a time, sent letters to the countess, but she never received any answer. Judge, then, the astonishment and joy of the poor old woman when from this postchaise descended the Count de Marcella and his daughter, now only two years old. When they had entered, the door closed, and the postchaise returned with the horses at full gallop.

That evening all the gossips of St André vied with each other who should have most to say on the subject of the unusual arrival: they were lost in con-

* The practice is to give a shilling weekly, and to pay the accumulated additional threepences at the end of twelve months. If the children are suddenly or capriciously removed, these threepences are forfeited. Unless for this security, there would be no regular attendance.

† In the school a book is kept, in which the particulars of all applications are entered. From this record the following extracts have been handed to me:—

* Dec. 13, 1846.—William B.—, thirteen years old, applied. Father dead. Boy was working at Mr Edwards's mill; had left it, being taken away by his mother in summer, because he was on half-time, and has been wandering about the town and country since. He left the work because he got only one shilling weekly. Case refused.

* Dec. 15.—Jessie R.—, eleven years old. Applied under the name of Mary Bachelor, daughter of James B.—. Lives in Bonnet Hill, Dundee. About a year ago, she was taken by her parents from Messrs Baxters's mill because she was on half-time, earning only one shilling weekly, and was sent into the streets to beg. She pretended to be deaf and dumb, and was taught to act in that manner by her father. Admitted.† This is the girl with whom I conversed in the school, and she was described to me as having been a dexterous impostor. She had been induced to speak only after a course of kind treatment.

lectures, especially when they saw not the castle-gate reopen, and Petronille run about the village to purchase supper for her guests. The next morning, therefore, when she made her appearance, she was met by a dozen of her intimates, who had been watching for her.

'Well, neighbour, who is this that comes without ceremony to establish himself at the castle?'

'If he comes without ceremony to establish himself at the castle,' said Petronille, standing erect, and playing with the ribbon which held her scissors to her apron, 'it is probably because he has a right to do so.'

'It is, then, the Count de Marcellæ?' was returned around.

'Just as you say,' replied Petronille, bridling up her chin, and biting her lip.

'He! the count! in a black stock, worn-out coat, and shoes down at the heel! The count, then, returns ruined, my good Petronille?'

'Ruined!' exclaimed the latter, crimsoned with anger and shame; 'he returns no such thing.'

'No such thing!' giggled a neighbour; 'where are, then, his trunks?—where is his baggage?'

'His equipages?' added another.

'His horses, his liveries, his out-riders, as in the time of the late countess?' said an old woman of the quarter, who had known the luxury of the Marcellæ.

'All these will arrive in time,' answered Petronille with downcast eyes.

'Tell us, at least, what child that is which he held by the hand?'

'That is Mademoiselle Amélie de Marcellæ,' replied Petronille proudly.

'And the countess—what of her?'

'We have lost her! But let me alone,' added she, pretending great haste; 'for till the count's people come, there are none but myself and my daughter to wait on him. I have to purchase provisions, and my young lady waits for her milk.' Then elbowing right and left, Petronille bustles past with a look of great importance.

'We can no longer speak to her,' cried the gossips, 'because her count is arrived. One would think she was become duchess. When the castle is put on its old footing, with its army of valets, its horses, its carriages, there will be no doing with her.'

But a day, two days, a week passed away, and no change took place in the appearance of the castle. But for seeing the count, who was sometimes met alone on foot, and the little girl, whom Petronille proudly took on an airing through the village, one would never have supposed that the owner was returned. When poor Petronille, therefore, or her daughter Marguerite went into the village, there was no end to rallying them, and their pride was put to hard trials. It was but too true their master was ruined. The Count and Countess de Marcellæ had lost everything but this castle in the Revolution, and they had escaped to the United States, where they died. Their son could have repaired his fortune by a rich marriage, but he loved his cousin, a poor emigrant like himself. He married her, but he had the unhappiness to lose her after she had given birth to a daughter, the child in question. In his sorrow, he thought of his country, from which he had been absent so many years; and he was now returned to inhabit the ruined castle, his only remaining possession.

'Petronille, my good nurse,' said he to the country-woman, 'I have just borrowed a rather considerable sum on my property: on this sum I must live and bring up my daughter, the child of my dear Henrietta.'

'Yes, monseigneur,' returned Petronille, for she could not bring herself to call her master monsieur; 'do not be uneasy; we will deprive ourselves of everything for this dear child.'

The count took her hand, pressed it in silence in his own, and Petronille was happy at this mark of familiar affection.

Nor was she undeserving of this attention. Petronille was no ordinary domestic. She was the friend as well

as the servant of the family. Besides keeping up all proper appearances before the villagers, she contrived all sorts of ways and means for procuring a few comforts to her impoverished master and his child. In order to purchase articles of family consumption at a cheap price, she would go long journeys during the night, and with great toil bring home a loaded basket on her head. The count himself never knew of these sacrifices. Petronille did not work for thanks, but for the pleasure of performing what she considered her duty.

Matters went on in this way for six months. At that time the Count de Marcellæ fell ill, and feeling his end approaching, he called Petronille. 'My old nurse,' said he to her, 'I am dying. Listen to me attentively, and remember my words. As soon as I shall be no more, you will take the money which you will find in my secrétaire; you will set out for Paris with my daughter; and you will take her to Madame de Mazans, my poor wife's aunt. This lady has but one son; she is very rich; she will receive my dear little one kindly—at least I hope so.'

'I will do your will, monseigneur,' replied Petronille weeping.

'Go, beg the parish priest to come to me.'

An hour after, the Count de Marcellæ resigned his soul to God, and Amélie was an orphan.

This was a heavy stroke to poor Petronille. She took to her bed of fever; and foreseeing that she would not rise from it, she said to her daughter, 'Marguerite, I am going on high to rejoin monseigneur. When I am dead, you will have me buried as near the Marcellæ as possible; then you will find a purse in that secrétaire; take it—monseigneur gave it to me before he died; you will add to this money that which you will find in the old tinder-jug, and you will set out for Paris with mademoiselle. Here is the address of Madame de Mazans: you will give up to that lady the daughter of monseigneur; and, let Mademoiselle de Marcellæ be able to repay your services or not, you will continue with her. If this cousin should not wish to receive mademoiselle, you will work to support her: it is your duty. I am a Lignac; you also are one; and the Lignacs have always been in the service of the Marcellæ.'

'Very well, mother,' replied Marguerite; 'it shall be done according to your wish.'

In a month after, a young country-girl and a child landed from the boat, which had made the passage from Bordeaux to Paris in eight days.

The girl having inquired where Madame de Mazans resided, a man who was standing by replied, 'You could not have addressed yourself to any one who could better inform you than myself—I am her house-porter. Madame is just set out for Italy with her son, the Count Armand, who is, it is said, in delicate health. From Italy they will go into Greece—into the East. In fact, they are not expected to return for a long time; as a proof of this, the house is let for a dozen years to a Russian family. I am only come from the coach-office, where I had been to see if the strangers were arrived. And now that you have been informed, I will wish you a good morning,' said the porter, politely taking off his hat, and going away.

The poor girl remained motionless in the street, not knowing what to reply to Amélie, who asked her, 'Where are we going now, Marguerite?'

Marguerite would not have been the daughter of Petronille if she did not know how to extricate herself from a difficulty. The captain of the boat, to whom she now applied, conducted her to the house of a woman whom he knew. She had a small room disengaged, on the ground-floor, and looking into the street. The strangers were installed in it, a modest dinner was served to them, and they were left alone. Having dined, and made Amélie dine, Marguerite put her to bed in the only one there was; she then let down the window, and remained at it, leaning on her elbows, till

day found her asleep. I cannot tell what passed through the country-girl's mind during the night, but as soon as she heard some one stirring in the house in the morning, she went to the hostess.

'Madame,' said she, 'I want the address of a good boarding-school.'

'Good boarding-schools are expensive,' said the woman, casting a glance of contempt on the slender baggage of the travellers.

'We want not money, madame. Name the best, I pray you,' said Marguerite with that air of pride which she derived from her mother.

'In that case I would recommend to you Madame Lartigue's, in the Faubourg du Roule, where are noble and rich young ladies only.'

'Mademoiselle de Marcille, whom I attend, is noble and rich,' replied Marguerite. She put on Amélie's best frock and bonnet, asked for a hackney-coach, and desired to be driven to the address named.

'Madame,' said Marguerite to the mistress of the boarding-school, 'I bring you Mademoiselle de Marcille. Her father and mother are dead, and her only living relation, Madame de Mazans, is to be absent from France for twelve years; but do not be uneasy as to payment for mademoiselle, I will answer to you for it.'

Madame Lartigue smiled. 'You will answer to me for the payment of Mademoiselle de Marcille's schooling,' said she; 'but who will answer for you?'

'Madame,' replied Marguerite with a countenance like scarlet, 'my mother, Petronille, was the count's nurse: his castle is near Bourdeaux. We had there the confidence of our master.'

'That is well, my good girl; but know, that if I receive mademoiselle into my house, it is from consideration and respect for her misfortunes. After this, if you pay me, so much the better. I am the mother of a family, and I am not forbidden to think of my interest; but if you pay me not, so much the better still—I shall have done a good deed. Therefore, my little Gascon, do not put yourself to the trouble of protestations; and be at ease as to the lot of your young mistress.'

Marguerite was, however, about to make fresh protestations; but the epithet, *little Gascon*, shut her mouth. She paid the first year's schooling, wept much in taking leave of Amélie, and withdrew, irritated at how little was thought of her word.

However, two years passed away without Marguerite's reappearance, and though Madame Lartigue was not uneasy, Amélie was deeply grieved at it. 'If she should be dead—she also!' said the little girl weeping; 'for all that I love, die: papa, Petronille, and mamma, whom I did not know.'

But the last day of this second year Marguerite presented herself in the reception-room, paid to Madame Lartigue the year due, and all other expenses required for Amélie. 'You see, madame, that I am not so much of a Gascon,' said she proudly. She then demanded to see her young mistress; wept with joy at seeing her grown handsome, tall, and stout, and then retired, promising to return before long. Notwithstanding, she returned not till the same day in the following year. She not only brought the money due for the past year, but also another considerable sum, in order that Amélie should have the best masters in music and drawing.

Madame Lartigue now thought she ought to question Marguerite. 'I have made inquiries about M. de Marcille, mademoiselle, and I find he has left no property; where, then, do you get this money?'

'This money is obtained by honest means, madame,' replied Marguerite. One need have only seen the firm look with which she accompanied these words, and the calmness of her countenance, to be certain that she told the truth. She then added, stooping her head a little, 'The count, when dying, left to my mother a sum of money to bring up his daughter: that sum is not yet exhausted.' Madame Lartigue had nothing more to say.

Marguerite was seen only once a-year. Each time this question was renewed, and the Gascon—it was thus she was called, because of her accent, which did not become modified by time—still made the same answer, and concealed everything about herself, even to the place of her abode.

Amélie joined her intreaties to those of Madame Lartigue's, but she obtained nothing more.

The day which Marguerite had fixed to bring to Mademoiselle de Marcille the money for her schooling, the hour of twelve saw her arrive every year, paler and more fatigued than when last she presented herself, but her eyes were radiant with happiness. In one hand she brought her purse of money, and in the other some presents. As long as Amélie was a child, those presents consisted of playthings, sweetmeats, and cakes; at a later period she brought a frock, a jewel, or some music. Fourteen years passed thus. Amélie had attained her sixteenth year. She was blooming and beautiful; but the peasant girl was become old. As to her costume, it was changed in nothing; it was still the woollen petticoat, showing the small of the legs, in blue stockings, and her little feet, much at their ease, in small-pointed, large, black wooden shoes, called *sabots*; her long waist, and high bonnet of white linen. The secrecy which reigned throughout Marguerite's actions displeased the frank and open disposition of Madame Lartigue, and disquieted the confiding spirit of Amélie. Madame de Mazans, the only one who had a right to demand an explanation from Marguerite, or to refuse her gifts, was still absent; and all that could be done, then, was to wait with patience, till time cleared up the mystery.

In 1833, being the seventeenth anniversary of the entrance of Amélie into Madame Lartigue's school, twelve o'clock struck without Marguerite making her appearance as usual. At first no one was in the least uneasy. 'She will come by and by,' said Amélie; but the day closed, the night succeeded, and Marguerite appeared not. Uneasiness began to gain upon the orphan. 'If any evil should have happened to her!—if she should be dead! Oh, my God! behold me then alone upon the earth!' cried she; and neither the caresses of Madame Lartigue, nor her assurances of friendship, could console her. 'Alas!' said the sorrowing girl, 'I know well that you would do for the poor orphan what Marguerite has done for her, but you cannot speak to me of my father! You did not know him!' At this thought Amélie was inconsolable, and she wept bitterly. She could neither listen to comfort nor receive any, and she began crying out, 'Marguerite!—Marguerite! do not abandon me!'

'Here am I,' said a voice, but so broken, that Amélie did not at first recognise it; but quickly turning round, she found herself in the arms of Marguerite.

The first moment of surprise over, Amélie and Madame Lartigue were about to ask the cause of her absence, especially the cause of the alteration and fright which appeared in her countenance, when the porter announced that a gentleman earnestly intreated to speak with Madame Lartigue. Immediately a man, still young, though not sufficiently so to excuse his impetuosity, precipitated himself into the room, looked round, perceived Madame Lartigue, and suddenly his manners became what might be expected from his appearance—that is, elegant and dignified.

'Madame,' said he, advancing towards Madame Lartigue, and saluting her with all the ease and grace of a man of fashion, 'I pray you to excuse so strange conduct, of which I am about to explain the motive. But first, I beseech you, tell me if you know that person?' He pointed to Marguerite, who, at the sight of the intruder, became visibly disturbed; then all at once she seemed to take a resolute part.

'Sir,' replied Madame Lartigue in a grave tone, 'I would first pray you to inform me to whom I have the honour to speak?'

'My intention is not to conceal my name, madame; permit me, in the first place, to explain the cause of my abrupt entrance. Lately arrived in Paris, I went

yesterday to the French theatre, and coming out by Montpensier Street, where I had ordered my carriage to wait, a voice struck my ear—a clear, harmonious voice, each vibration of which went to the heart. I knew it; I had already heard it at Rome, at Turin, at Florence, at Madrid, at Seville, at Cordova, and I could not mistake it; for it had a Gascon accent, which reminded me of Bourdeaux, my native place. Everywhere I heard it, I made my way through the crowd to come near the singer, and everywhere I found her enveloped in a long brown dress, with her face covered by a black veil: nothing betrayed her age. Judge my astonishment when yesterday I heard the same voice, especially the same accent. I rushed towards the singer—it was still the same figure; and I cried out, "Whoever you are, I will know you!" It drew back, gained one of the numerous passages of the Palais Royal, and disappeared. This evening, going through the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, when I arrived at the Place Beaneau, I saw a little Savoyard; he asked alms of a woman whose dress was such as the inhabitants of Bourdeaux wear; she gave him a silver piece, saying, "Here, poor little thing!" I recognised the voice of my mysterious singer. This woman has entered your house. This is the reason, madame, that I have presented myself in a manner so inconsistent."

"Explain yourself, mademoiselle," said Madame Lartigue in a severe tone.

"What!" cried Amélie; "could this singer be you, Marguerite? Oh! it is impossible: it was not you!"

"It was I, mademoiselle," replied Marguerite with a composed and smiling countenance. "You remember our voyage to Paris," continued she. "The absence of the only relation who could take care of you disturbed me to such a degree, that I could not sleep the first night of our arrival. I was but a child, having a child to bring up—to protect. I had, it is true, a large sum given by your father, but what was that sum in comparison to what was necessary? Not being able to sleep, I opened our little room window, and prayed God to inspire me what to do, when two persons passed. "How much did you get?" inquired a woman. "Three francs," said a man. "And you?" "I have got four; three and four make seven. May Heaven send us so much every day; and we shall be able to rear our children. Ah!" continued she, "where is the time when I got twenty francs for my singing! Alas! my voice is not now clear and sweet, as when we travelled. And in the provinces, in foreign countries especially, when I sang the songs of Paris, white pieces, even yellow ones, were showered upon me." I heard not the rest of the conversation; but one thing I marked, that with a fine voice—and I knew that mine was so—more than usually so—one could get twenty francs a-day. I instantly determined on my course. I paid one year's schooling for you, mademoiselle: I could absent myself one year: I set about learning all the new songs, and I then set out. I was very young to travel in this way. The first time I sang, my youth drew upon me more words than my voice gained sous; but Heaven inspired me with the idea of concealing myself in a long dark coarse dress and black veil; and I had the pleasure to hear it said around me—"That creature must be very ugly to conceal herself thus!" Seventeen years have now passed away. Mother on high! you ought to be content," said the devoted girl, raising her eyes to Heaven. "I have been able to bring up the child of our master; to pay the mortgage that weighed down his castle. I have had it repaired: the castle de Marcillac is now fit to receive its young mistress!"

"Marcillac!—near Bourdeaux?" quickly demanded the stranger, whose presence Amélie and Madame Lartigue had forgotten during Marguerite's simple and touching recital. This young lady is Mademoiselle de Marcillac?" cried he. Then addressing the elder lady, he added—"Madame, will you be so good as to permit me to present my respects to my cousin? I am Armand de Mazans, mademoiselle," said he to Amélie. "I will go

for my mother; she will be delighted to find the daughter of her beloved niece, a trace of whom she has been unable to discover, though she has addressed several letters to Bourdeaux."

As soon as M. de Mazans was gone, Madame Lartigue complimented Marguerite on her generous devotedness; and Amélie threw herself, all in tears, on the neck of the noble girl.

"Become my sister; let the fortune gained by you be shared between us. I owe you everything, Marguerite, even to the family which you have enabled me to find."

The affectionate caresses of Amélie were interrupted by the arrival of Madame de Mazans and her son.

Our story may now be said to be finished. We have only to add, that Amélie went to reside with her aunt, and was afterwards married to her cousin, the Marquis de Mazans. The faithful Marguerite was now happy. Installed as housekeeper of the old family castle in Gascony, and rejoicing in occasional visits of her mistress, she had nothing in this earth to wish for; her life having afforded one of the most charming instances on record of two things, without which this world would be a desert—LOVE AND FIDELITY.

ANECDOTES OF THE BAR AND THE BENCH.

In a recent number,* we extracted from a single series of papers in the *Law Review* some pleasantries which were probably found amusing. Scattered throughout the whole work, however, so far as it has gone—buried in the profundity of its learning, and entangled in the meshes of its technicalities—there is a fund of anecdote well worth extrication; and for the sake of the general reader, we shall dedicate this article to the task. Some of the anecdotes are little more than amusing; some important; but all, to a greater or less extent, throw light upon legal biography.

The sketch of Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice Abinger, is a finished portrait in little. He was, it seems, naturally irritable, but habitually good-tempered; his apparent placidity was drawn over a somewhat sensitive interior; and thus, in conjunction with the keen feelings of a man, he possessed the two great qualifications of a Nisi Prius leader—"perfect quickness of perception and decision, and imperturbable self-possession." At Nisi Prius the leader is like a general, who comes into the field of battle, with a knowledge, it is true, of his numerical strength, but ignorant of the thousand circumstances by which that may be acted upon, and aided by nothing more than a conjecture as to the tactics of the enemy. The difference between the two sides of Westminster Hall is graphically drawn in the Review. "What was all argument, all talk in Equity, is here all work, all action. What was all preparation and previous plan there, here is all the perception of the moment, the decision at a glance, the plan of the instant, the execution on the spot. The office of the leader here well deserves its name; he is everything; his coadjutors are useful, but they are helps only; they are important, but as tools rather than fellow-workmen; they are often indispensable, but they are altogether subordinate. . . . So far is the advocate at Nisi Prius in the dark as to his own case and witnesses. But of his adversary's, he knows little or nothing; he may have to meet a story of which he had no kind of warning whatever; and he may have to protect his witnesses against evidence called to discredit them, by proving that they have told a different story to others from that which they have told in court. Documents, letters, receipts, acquittances, releases, title-deeds, judgments, fines, recoveries—all may meet him, as well as unexpected witnesses; and on the spot he may have to devise and execute his measures of protection or of defence." The analogy between a general and a Nisi Prius leader may be carried further; for in both, physical qualities are quite secondary to mental ones. The military

commander may be unable to fight well, and the legal one to speak well; but in both, such defects will be atoned for by the capacity to lend. Mr Scarlett, for instance, was far from being a distinguished orator. His delivery was rather free from defects than striking in itself; and perhaps his greatest advantage of this kind was a sweet and pleasing voice—"insomuch that a lady of good sense and of wit once said, that as some people are asked to sing, Mr Scarlett should be asked to speak, so agreeable and harmonious were his tones, though of little compass or variety. . . . The greater feats of oratory he hardly ever tried. He had no deep declamation, no impassioned effusion. He indulged in no stirring appeals either to pity or terror; he used no tropes or figures; he never soared so high as to lose sight of the ground, and so never feared to fall. But he was an admirable speaker; and for all cases, except such as occur once in the course of several years, he was quite as great a speaker as could be desired."

We are now prepared to hear that no man was ever more renowned than Mr Scarlett as a *verdict-getter*. Both his merits and defects appear to have worked towards this point. What he did was without apparent effort. His triumphs were so easy and natural, that they did not seem to be triumphs at all! "A country attorney," says the Review, "perhaps paid him the highest compliment once when he was undervaluing his qualifications, and said—"Really there is nothing in a man getting so many verdicts who always has the luck to be on the right side of the cause." This reminds one of Partridge in "Tom Jones," who thought Garrick was a poor actor, for any one could do all he did—"he was nothing of an actor at all."* His weight with the court and jury was not unhappily expressed by another person, when asked at what he rated Mr Scarlett's value—"A thirteenth jurymen," was the answer."

The following anecdote illustrates in a remarkable manner what has been said about the sensitiveness of the man, concealed under the surface of the lawyer:—"A remarkable instance is remembered in Westminster Hall of his acting in the face of the jury, at the critical moment of their beginning to consider their verdict. He had defended a gentleman of rank and fortune against a charge of an atrocious description. He had performed his part with even more than his accustomed zeal and skill. As soon as the judge had summed up, he tied up his papers deliberately, and with a face smiling and easy, but carefully turned towards the jury, he rose and said, loud enough to be generally heard, that he was engaged to dinner, and in so clear a case there was no occasion for him to wait what must be the certain event. He then retired, deliberately bowing to the court. The prosecuting counsel were astonished at the excess of confidence or of effrontery; nor was it lost upon the jury, who began their deliberation. But one of the juniors having occasion to leave the court, found that all this confidence and fearlessness had never crossed its threshold—for behind the door stood Sir James Scarlett trembling with anxiety, his face the colour of his brief, and awaiting the result of "the clearest case in the world" in breathless suspense."

The following curious anecdote occurs in a notice of Mr Twiss's life of Eldon:—"We have mentioned his wife, and this leads us to the subject of his marriage. He eloped with Miss Surtees from her father's home in Newcastle, she descending from her room by a ladder to join him. They were married in Scotland by a clergyman of the Established Church, who thereby incurred (of which Mr Twiss seems not to be aware) the penalty of ecclesiastical censure, though the marriage was valid, as indeed it would have been had no clergyman at all interfered. The young couple returned

to Morpeth the same day, and finding no room in the inn, were accommodated by the landlord giving them up his own for the bridal chamber. The parents of both parties in a short time forgave this great breach of discipline; but Lord Eldon often appeared afterwards to have it in his eye; and on one occasion, having expressed himself strongly on the impropriety of such an act where a ward of court had been carried off to Gretna Green, he said that it was an offence not to be lightly thought of; on the contrary, one which called for a well-spent after-life to redeem it. The hearers merrily said, "My Lord Chancellor is plainly insinuating a compliment to himself." It is a somewhat singular thing, that at the same time the head of the ecclesiastical establishment, the head of the law, and the great officer of state, next but one to the chancellor, should all have made runaway marriages. When Mr Brougham, in answer to Mr Baron Wood's reprobation of runaway matches in Lolly's case at Lancaster, mentioned that, bad as it might be, the same thing had been done by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Privy Seal, the learned baron said, "I don't believe it!"—and so put it to the jury, observing, however, that it was immaterial to the question of bigamy which they were trying. But he beckoned to the learned counsel while the jury were deliberating, and asked how the fact stood; and upon being told, laughed very heartily, never having heard it before except as regarded the chancellor."

Lord Eldon's habit of doubting, or hesitating, is amusingly illustrated from his own Anecdote Book, in which he is shown utterly to spoil the stories he told *via voce* with admirable effect. They came well from his lips; but in committing them to paper, he had time to qualify them, and they are thus only "the ghosts, or rather the mummies of their originals." It was not always on paper, however, that he qualified. "Having said something against a man in a public station, he stopped short with this, "Though far be it from me, my lords, to say anything against any man in any office, for that I know lays me open to hear his panegyric." So, if he ever was betrayed into praise himself, he would hasten to retract it, as it were to set himself right. Once giving the reason for appointing Lord Kenyon Chief-Justice in preference to Mr Justice Buller, he said, "I hesitated long between the corruption of Buller and the intemperance of Kenyon, and decided against Buller. Not, however, that there was not a deal of corruption in Kenyon's intemperance."

The portrait of Mr Baron Garrow is curious. This lawyer was very great in the examination of witnesses, a business of immense importance, as well as difficult, requiring attributes of a very peculiar order—at the head of which may be placed discretion. From his extensive knowledge, he was at home even in the vocabulary of crime, and sometimes produced by this means a startling effect upon the accused, who little thought that they saw on the bench one who, for the minuteness of his knowledge of their craft, might have been an accomplice. "None who were present will forget the impression thus made upon an unhappy coiner, tried before him on the Oxford circuit. This man conducted his own defence, and did so with much skill and more effrontery. The judge seemed quite absorbed in admiration of the prisoner's ingenuity, and contrived to fill him with the delusion that he was so—a delusion from which there was soon to be a fearful waking. "My lord," he vociferated, "there were only two bad half-crowns found upon me. If I was making a trade of it, it stands to reason I'd have had more;" and he looked up to the bench quite confident of its sympathy. Garrow's white eyes glared upon the culprit, and in a tone which assured him all their secrets were in common, playfully replied, "Perhaps, sir, the *wallop* was exhausted." The word, and the tone of its enunciation, at once unnerved the prisoner; he felt he had before him a professor of his

* "He the best player!" said Partridge with a contemptuous sneer. "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did."—*Tom Jones*, book xvi. c. 5.

craft, whom it was quite useless to attempt to mystify, and he resigned himself to his fate. "Gentlemen," said Garrow blandly to the jury, who shared in the ignorance of all around them, "a *wallop* is a term of freemasonry amongst coiners. It means the hidden heap of counterfeits to which they resort for a supply when the exigencies of the profession may require one."

An instance of ignorance, quite equal to Garrow's, is given by Mr Warren in his introduction to 'Law Studies.' 'Some two or three years ago, a counsel, manifestly not having enjoyed a very superior education, was engaged in arguing a case in *banco*, at Westminster, before four very able judges, one of them being a man remarkable for his logical acuteness and dexterity. "No, no, that won't do," said he, suddenly interposing; "put the converse of the proposition, Mr —; try it *that way*." The judge paused; the counsel, too, paused, while a slight expression of uneasiness flitted over his features. He expected the judge to "put the converse" for him; but the judge did not. "Put the converse of the proposition, Mr —, and see if that will hold," repeated the judge with some surprise, and a little peremptoriness in his tone. But it was unpleasantly obvious that Mr — could not "put the converse" of his proposition, nor understand what was meant. Some better-informed brother barrister whispered to him the converse of the proposition; but it was useless. Mr — faltered—repeated a word or two, as if mechanically. "Well!" said the judge, kindly suspecting the true state of the case, "go on with your argument, Mr —." The same writer tells us—A very eloquent and eminent counsel some time ago gave his hearers the following evidence of his having long ago forgotten his early logical studies. "Gentlemen," said he, vehemently addressing a jury at Westminster, "my learned friend undertook to produce a man who was present; did he? No; on the contrary, he produced a *woman*." The jury laughed heartily; so did the judge and the bar; but for different reasons.'

Mr Boteler was an admirable man, and a sound lawyer, whose advancement was hindered by the extraordinary defect of 'excessive and insuperable modesty.' He died from the consequences of a railway accident; and we conclude, for the present, with an instance of heroic endurance which has few parallels. 'The first moments of the calamity served strongly to illustrate the kind and considerate nature of Mr Boteler. His attention had been called to the cries and lamentations of a fellow-passenger in the same carriage, and accordingly he directed those who came to his assistance to attend first to his companion, and then mildly observed that he feared his own legs were broken. They were, in truth, smashed to pieces. Not a complaint or murmur escaped him. Horrible as must have been the shock to the system, his calmness and composure never forsook him. It has been mentioned that he very early inquired after his luggage; but it was not added, and indeed could not be known, that he was really inquiring after his papers, some of which were of the utmost importance to his family. Matters comparatively trivial, and which would scarcely have deserved notice if nothing had happened, were not forgotten. Upon his removal to his own house, medical advice was speedily in attendance. The professional men of eminence and experience, to whom for that reason such scenes must have been long familiar, witnessed the patience and fortitude of Mr Boteler with perfect astonishment. It was soon intimated to him that amputation afforded the only chance; and he adopted the alternative without hesitation, and almost without emotion. He had long been attentive to surgical cases, and interested in them, and as the process was going on, he continued to make minute inquiries, step by step, as to the course pursued, apparently as if to procure information—most certainly as if he himself had not been the subject. After the operation he gradually sunk, and the third day brought his sufferings to an end.'

The world generally has very imperfect notions as to the labours of judges and barristers in England—we mean barristers in good practice. The quantity of work which some counsel get through is immense. To be sure it is mostly working by the head; but this is more destructive to health than even labour with the hands. When we hear of counsel being promoted to the bench, or made lord chancellors, we perhaps think they cannot have earned such a reward by anything they have done. In many cases, doubtless, ministerial favour is too often the cause of preference; nevertheless, the greater number of barristers so favoured have been exceedingly hard-working men. What toils, for example, did Brougham, Campbell, Spankie, Wilde go through! The following was the sort of life which one of these men—we shall not say which—led for several years. Rose at half-past four in the morning; carriage at the door at a quarter to five; arrived at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields at five exactly. A fire being previously lighted by an attendant, sat down immediately with clerk to business, and continued working till nine. At nine, attendant brings in two cups of coffee and rolls, on which master and man breakfast, without scarcely moving from their seats. Work goes on till a quarter to ten. Carriage at the door. The barrister now drives off to the courts. Has to attend to perhaps thirty cases. At the courts, pleading, and running about from point to point, till four. Carriage waiting, and back to chambers. Business and orders given to clerk. Dine on a chop. Carriage at the door at a quarter to six. Drive to the House of Commons. Make a speech, and remain in the House till midnight. Carriage at door, and drive home. In bed at one. Up again at half-past four. And so on, five or six nights every week, during terms and the sitting of the House. Such hard work is enough to kill a horse, and how many men sink under it! At the beginning of the season, men of the class we mention look healthy and robust; but towards the conclusion, they are seen to be pale, lank, and feeble. They may be making a fortune, or putting themselves on the high road to the attorney-generalship, or chancellorship, but at what a cost of mental and bodily labour!

People who envy the position of legal dignitaries, do not reflect on, perhaps do not know of, these things. We have heard it said, as a general principle, that no man need expect to attain eminence in the law who cannot exist on three hours' sleep, rise at four in the morning, and kindle his own fire! All the great men of the profession have gone through a due course of these privations.

THE COUNT VAN HORN.

A SKETCH OF BYGONE TIMES.

UNDER the regency of the Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV., France was in a state of monetary convulsion, only faintly imaged in this country by the late bubble mania, and the panic which succeeded it. In England, the mischief—supposing the amounts at issue to have been the same—was more widely distributed, and therefore less striking in its results. Here, the commercial relationship and intelligence between the capital and the provinces resemble in some sort an instinct animating the whole community. Touch even the most distant extremity, and the vibration is instantaneously communicated to the centre; touch the centre, and the thrill runs throughout the entire country. But in France, in the early part of the last century, this mercantile sensibility had little or no existence. Paris was the seat of the mighty bubble; and the people, instead of ruining themselves quietly at home by means of the post, rushed in frantic crowds to the capital. Thither also repaired adventurers and speculators from all other parts of Europe; the whole world was parched with the sacred thirst of gold; and Paris seemed to the

imaginings of men an inexhaustible fountain, where all might drink and be satisfied. It was the era, in short, of the celebrated Mississippi scheme, by which the country was brought to the brink of ruin through the magnificent errors of a man of genius.

It is now pretty generally supposed, that although the cupidity of the regent may at first have been awakened by Law, the Scottish adventurer was eventually forced onward in his extraordinary career by the regent. The latter, with a fine person, winning manners, quick talents, and the most daring courage, was yet utterly depraved. He did not even believe in virtue. He turned everything respectable or serious into a jest; and he did not enjoy less the society of his dissolute comrades for believing that every one of them would betray him for a consideration. He was, in fact, the Mephistophiles of the great drama then played in France; and despising rather than hating his fellow-franciers, he turned their weakness to his advantage, and laughed and joked at their wickedness.

At this time the demon of pride confronted the demon of avarice. Birth jostled with wealth, and it was hard to say which should gain the mastery. Peers and lackeys, princesses and soubrettes, met in the bazaar; a duchess kissed the hand of the mighty speculator in public; and the high nobility of France—not without some fits of alarm mingling with their infatuation—saw their order tottering to its fall. Money lightly gained, was lightly spent. Palaces rose on all sides with the rapidity of enchantment; whole fortunes were lavished on furniture and equipages, dress and jewels; and entertainments were habitually given, which seemed to have had their prototypes in the fairy tales. In the meantime strangers from all parts of the world crowded into the fortunate city, increasing its population, we are told, by the number of half a million; overflowing its dwellings from the cellar to the garret, and sending up the price of provisions to an enormous amount.

Among these visitors there was a young man whose adventures were remembered owing to his connexion both with the nobility and the bubble, both with the regent and his comrades, long after Law had disappeared, and Paris was ruined. This was the Count Antoine Joseph Van Horn, a scion of one of the proudest houses in Europe, related or connected with most of the great families of France, and even with the regent himself. The count was a very striking person in his appearance. He was only twenty-two years of age, but tall and finely-formed; his face was as pale and as beautifully chiselled as that of an antique statue; and a pair of singularly wild and brilliant eyes shed over the whole what might have seemed preternatural light. His brother was the reigning Prince of Horn and Overique.

But the young count was not received in Paris with the distinction which might have been expected from his high birth and fine person. This mere youth was already old in adventures, and a blight had fallen upon his reputation. While a captain in the Austrian service he had been guilty of some offence, it is not stated of what kind; but in all probability it was of the nature which he was afterwards so unfortunate as to offer to the regent of France. At anyrate he fell under the displeasure of the commander-in-chief, Prince Louis of Baden; and his brother, perhaps merely to keep him out of the way for a time, exerted his sovereign authority, and sent him as a prisoner to the old castle of Van Wert, in the hereditary dominions of the family. It is believed that the sentence of the prince involved nothing more than a sufficient degree of solitude and restraint to bring the headstrong youth to reflection; but unfortunately the governor, Van Wert, was a man of a morose and savage temper, who added, of his own pleasure, incarceration in a dungeon, and a series of such indignities, as literally goaded the lad into frenzy. At the end of six months' captivity, he effected his escape by knocking down two of his jailors; and finding his way to the family seat of Boussigny, he pre-

sented himself before his brother a raving lunatic. It is a curious trait of the time that Van Wert, when degraded from the command he had so foully abused, made an effort to rouse the peasantry in his favour, and maintain himself in the castle by force; and that he was only restrained by being put under the ban of the empire, when, being seized as a state prisoner, he was locked up in a fortress for life.

The count, in the meantime, was carefully tended, and by degrees recovered his reason. Still, a great and permanent change had taken place in his character. He was subject to uncontrollable bursts of passion, and required a certain degree of management to be kept at all within conventional rule. While his mental malady was gradually yielding to mild treatment, if it may not be said to have entirely disappeared, a circumstance occurred which disturbed the tranquil routine of his life. This was the bequest of a valuable property by his relation the Princess d'Epigny; and the young count having now legitimate business to call him to Paris, determined upon the journey. His brother, however, either fearing that he was not yet sufficiently recovered, or from some other cause not mentioned, was averse to the scheme; and the consequence was, that the youth, unable to bear contradiction, or listen patiently to remonstrance, if any was attempted, set out in secret and alone, and flung himself into the vortex of the capital without even a letter of introduction.

Here his appearance upon the scene excited both curiosity and distrust. Rumours of his early follies, and their extravagant and extraordinary punishment, had preceded him; and here was the scion of a line of princes, handsome, noble-looking, and elegant in manners, wholly unacknowledged by his family, and compelled to introduce himself even to those who felt honoured by being connected with his blood. In these circumstances, his great relatives received him with distinction mingled with reserve. They gave him gay suppers; they took him to the theatres; they initiated him in the thousand extravagances of Paris, at a time when a character of frenzy overspread the revels of the intoxicated city; but their domestic circles were closed against him—their wives were forbidden his acquaintance—and their daughters were warned against those radiant eyes, the ardent gaze of which the ladies, as we are told by a contemporary, declared it to be almost impossible to support.

It is not to be supposed that such restrictions had much effect upon this headstrong and determined youth. People might avoid introducing him to their families, but it was impossible to hide him from their view; and the mystery thus thrown over him added, no doubt, in the female imagination, to the fascination of the tall figure, statue-like face, and wild and melancholy eyes, which were now seen everywhere in the haunts of fashion. The count sought in secret the society from which he was debarred in public, and thus drew upon himself the enmity of some of his most distinguished relatives; and to such a height did this feeling proceed, that a plan is said to have been formed for his being kidnapped and sent off to one of the *El Dorados* of Law. This was no rare occurrence at the time. The gigantic bubble threatened every day to burst; and it was a common practice to sweep the streets throughout France of their vagrant population, and send them off to some of those colonies which were supposed to be unexplored mines of wealth. This forced emigration, it is needless to add, included frequently the victims of secret vengeance; and many a gay gallant, on awakening from a dream of either allegorical or literal intoxication, found himself dancing upon the billows of the Atlantic.

Count Antoine was under the greater risk, from the circumstance of his being in the habit, like other wild young men of the time, of traversing the streets at night in disguise; and on one occasion he actually fell into the hands of a party of crimps, who were apparently lying in wait for him. Having escaped with some difficulty, he mentioned the affair to his relation

the Marquis de Crequi, and the marquis laid a formal complaint before the minister. This well-meaning friend, however, received no satisfaction. It was hinted to him that he would do well not to interfere, but let things take their course. 'Let the count quit Paris immediately,' said some mystic adviser; 'if he lingers, he is lost!' It is supposed that the revengeful feelings of any mere private person are not sufficient to account for such warnings in the case of a person so distinguished in rank as the brother of the Prince Van Horn; and an anecdote is related which would seem to show that he had drawn down upon himself the enmity of the regent himself.

A man of the world like the regent should not have given himself the trouble to lay schemes for the destruction of his enemy; he might have been assured that a desperado like the count would not be long in Paris before plunging headlong into difficulties that would lay him at his mercy. Some instinctive fear, indeed, appears at this time to have spread among the youth's friends: the mysterious warnings were repeated from one to another; all but the mad companions of his follies wished him safely out of the whirl of the capital; and at length the Prince Van Horn taking the alarm, despatched a gentleman of his household to Paris, to pay his losses at play and other debts, and endeavour to persuade him to return to Flanders. In the event of his refusal, the gentleman was instructed to apply for an order from the regent to compel him to quit the capital.

When the messenger reached Paris, he found the city in a state of strange excitement on account of a murder which had been committed the day before. The occurrence would at that time have given the French capital what it is so fond of—a 'sensation'—if for nothing else than that it was connected with the great bubble; but in addition to this, the victim was a wealthy Jew, and the perpetrators persons of rank. The Jew, it seems, who was a stockbroker, dealing extensively in the shares that were to make the fortune of all the world, had met three of his clients in a tavern by appointment, with one hundred thousand crowns in his pocket. Cries were heard from the room in which their business was transacted, and the waiter, apprehensive that some crime had been committed, locked the door. One of the three clients, who was on the stairs, immediately fled, and gaining his hotel, collected all his portable effects and left the country. A second leaped from the window of the room, and ran for some distance along the streets, till he was seized by the pursuers; while the third had stumbled when he reached the ground, and was immediately taken. This last was the young Count Antoine Van Horn.

Various versions of the story were of course circulated in Paris. The count asserted that, so far from aiding in the murder, he had attempted to save the victim's life, and only left the room through instinctive fear and horror, when he found himself alone with the dead body. But, on the other hand, De Mille, the other prisoner, confessed to a plot to rob and murder the Jew, implicating the count in the crime; while it was obvious, from the flight of the third person, that he at least was cognisant of some evil intention on the part of one or both of his companions. All three were wild young men—one of them only twenty years of age—living at the same hotel, and passing their time together in gambling and other profligacy. It may be noted that Count Antoine, while he indignantly and energetically denied the murder, was wholly silent as to the charge of intended robbery. He vouchsafed no reply to such an accusation; treating with cold disdain the idea that he, one of the noblest-born men in Europe, could be guilty of so pitiful a crime.

A meeting of the relatives and connexions of the House of Van Horn took place at the hotel of the Marquis de Crequi; and in order to enable them to avert the threatened disgrace, an investigation was entered into resembling what is called in Scottish law a precognition.

They could learn nothing, however, beyond what has already been told; and the conclusion they came to was, that, whether guilty or innocent, the count stood in so critical a position, as to require the whole influence of his family. They applied, accordingly, to the regent; adverting to the mental malady under which the young man had laboured so recently; suggesting that if a squabble had taken place in which blows were struck, the affair was in all probability unpremeditated, and at any rate the guilty hand uncertain; and intreating him to interpose his power to prevent the exposure of a public trial. The duke was inexorable. Justice must take its course.

The relatives of the accused now adopted a plan which throws a curious light upon the feelings and manners of the time. On the day of trial, they assembled at the Palace of Justice in a body of fifty-seven, both male and female, and lined the long corridor which led to the court-room. As the judges passed through this proud array, they were saluted in a mournful and supplicatory manner by the highest and noblest of Europe, and passed into the hall of trial with their minds strongly impressed, even if their hearts were not melted, by the imposing scene. But all was of no avail. The two prisoners were found guilty, and condemned to be broken alive on the wheel.

Immediately on this result taking place, the high nobility connected with the House of Van Horn went into mourning. Another meeting was held, and a petition got up for a commutation of the punishment to perpetual imprisonment. The grounds could no longer be the probability of the innocence of the condemned, for this would have been disrespectful to the judges; but his terrible sufferings in the dungeon of Van Wert, the insanity which supervened, and the morbid irritability under which he still laboured, were brought forward as palliatives of an acknowledged crime. The petition was signed by cardinals, archbishops, dukes, marquises, and ladies of the highest rank, to the number of fifty; and numerous other names were refused a place—as not being noble enough for such association! To sign this aristocratic paper was an honour for the noblest, for it established their claims to a share in the best blood of the kingdom. The Marquis de Crequi was afraid to incur the responsibility of determining on some of the claims, and he called in to his assistance the Prince de Ligne; but, notwithstanding the heart-burnings and jealousies to which the affair gave rise, threw the great world of Paris into a general uproar, and fifty years afterwards complaints were still made by some parties of the injustice with which their ancestors had been treated!

The petition was presented by a deputation, consisting of the Cardinal de Rohan, the Duke de Havré, the Prince de Ligne, and the Marquis de Crequi, the rest of the body remaining in the hall of council in the Palais Royal, the residence of the regent. After a long period of suspense, passed in the most gloomy forebodings, the latter beheld with dismay two of their delegates returning into the hall in moody silence. They at length related that the regent continued inexorable. 'We reminded him,' said they, 'that so infamous a punishment would not reach only the condemned, but also those princely and illustrious families in whose armorial bearings were quarterings of the dishonoured name: to which he replied that the dishonour consisted in the crime, not in the punishment. And when we urged, as a last argument, that in the thirty-two quarterings of his own mother there was an escutcheon of Van Horn, he but said, with his sardonic smile, "Very well, gentlemen, I will share the disgrace with you!"' The noble petitioners, however, remained till midnight, awaiting the return of the other two delegates; and at length, on the cabinet conference being at an end, the regent himself came forth, and dismissed his visitors with his usual politeness. One of the old ladies he kissed on the cheek, calling her his good aunt, and to another, a younger one, he told, in Mephistophiles

fashion, that he was charmed to see her at the Palais Royal. All the ladies he conducted in person to the door of the second saloon.

The petition, however, had been successful to a certain point: the count was to be beheaded, not broken on the wheel. This the regent solemnly promised. But it was not enough for the pride of some of the family, two members of whom visited the condemned secretly, offering him a vial of poison, as a means of escaping the disgrace of a public execution. Count Antoine refused the favour; and his relations left him, exclaiming indignantly, 'Miserable man, you are only fit to perish by the hand of the executioner!'

The influence of the family was now tried upon the executioner, who was besought, in cutting off the head, to expose no part of the body to the gaze of the rabble but the neck. The executioner promised this; but, with the pride of a headman of the old régime, declined two sums of a hundred louis each, which were offered him as a bribe. The regent's orders, however, had not yet come, and the sentence stood in its original form; but the relations—who were still probably in some dismay at this strange display of inexorable feeling—were reassured by a letter from a familiar friend of the duke, repeating his promise that the punishment should be decapitation. The day, however, at length came, and the proud family of the criminal, buried in their aristocratic homes, shrinking and quivering at the idea of the disgrace they were at the moment suffering by the public execution of their kinsman, learned that the regent had *deceived them*—that the young, handsome, and high-born Count Van Horn had that morning been tortured, and then exposed and broken alive on the wheel!

The indignation of the relatives may be conceived. They went in a body to the place of execution, with carriages drawn by six horses, and surrounded by lackeys in magnificent livery; and then, with their own hands, detaching the mutilated remains from the wheel, carried them away in state. The regent was held in hate and horror by the nobility for the rest of his life, although no open scheme of vengeance was ever adopted; and the Prince Van Horn, in a letter rejecting indignantly the confiscated effects of the count, that were adjudged to him, added these words: 'I hope that God and the king may render to you as strict justice as you have rendered to my unfortunate brother!'

REMARKABLE ELECTRIC AGENCIES.

In a former number of the Journal, we drew attention to the investigations by Professor Matteucci, of Pisa, on the above highly interesting subject. This gentleman, at the late meeting of the British Association at Southampton, communicated the results of his additional observations and experience, of which we propose to give a brief outline. The principal points established by renewed inquiry appear to be the non-existence of electric currents in the nerves, their complete identification with the muscular system, and their development as an essential consequence of the chemical process of nutrition.

'The chemical action,' says Professor Matteucci, 'which goes on in the nutrition of the muscle, principally that which takes place in the contact of the arterial blood with the muscular fibre, is in all probability the source of this electricity in the muscles. . . . It appears more satisfactory to say that the development of electricity takes place in the muscle during life, from the chemical action between the arterial blood and the muscular fibre; that the two electric states evoked in the muscle neutralise each other, at the same points from which they are evolved, in the natural conditions of the muscle; and that, in the muscular pile imagined by myself, a portion of this electricity is put in circulation just as it would be in a pile composed of acid and alkali, separated from each other by a simply conducting body.'

All voluntary muscle is covered by a tunic, or mem-

branaceous sheath of great delicacy, known to physiologists as the *sarcolemma*. This, it has been supposed, affords a mechanical protection to, and isolates the contractile tissue within it, while its extreme smoothness facilitates motion and the rapid transmission of moving influences. It is important to remember that the *sarcolemma* terminates abruptly where the muscular fibres connect themselves with the fibrous substance of the tendons, as Matteucci refers to this arrangement in support of his hypothesis. Instituting comparisons between the muscular current and the proper or nervous current, he inclines to consider them referable to a common origin, and subject to the same laws. Looking at the tendinous fibre, distinct in its structure and conductivity to the muscular, he regards the proper current from the former to the surface of the latter as 'at once the simplest and most general cause of the muscular current. We must never forget the analogy between the muscular electro-motor element and the Voltanian element: the zinc is represented by the discs of the muscular fibre, the acid liquid by the blood, the platinum by the *sarcolemma*.'

The contraction of the muscles has also engaged the attention of Signor Matteucci. It is already known that when muscular fibre is examined with a powerful microscope, it is found to consist of innumerable oblong cells, which cells, as the muscle contracts, diminish in length, and increase in width. Sir John Herschel suggested to the assembled physiologists that muscular fibre consists of spheroids, which, when at rest, lie with their larger dimensions lengthwise; but on the excitation of electricity by the will or otherwise, their poles becoming reversed, the spheroids swell out in the opposite direction, thereby shortening and widening the muscle. According to Dr Martin Barry, muscular fibre is composed of an infinite series of spirals, a form admitting of the most rapid elongation and contraction. Whichever it may be, the Italian professor remarks that as yet he has no proofs of the contraction arising from the evolution of electricity. 'We know nothing,' he continues, 'of this phenomena, except that it occurs on acting at a great distance from the muscle upon the nerve that ramifies within it; . . . that its propagation acts with a velocity which we cannot judge to be less than that of light and heat* and electricity in their different media.' Among the phenomena of this muscular action, or *induction*, may be included 'a great number of those movements which occur in us and in animals independently of the will, but yet following others occasioned by the will.' The clearing up of these points remains to animate the genius, and reward the perseverance, of physiologists.

Identical with this subject, and strikingly confirmatory of Signor Matteucci's conclusions, is a remarkable and interesting paper read at the same meeting by Dr Bullar, on the 'Identity of certain Vital and Electro-Magnetic Laws.' According to this gentleman, a power exists in animated beings, influencing the formation of vessels, the action of the blood and its circulation, independent of the power of the heart. He adduces in support of his theory the progressive developments, long familiar to naturalists, that take place in the yolks of eggs during the process of incubation. On examining the contents of a sound egg, a small white disc, the *cicatrula*, or germ spot, may be seen in the yolk. This has been shown to consist of an aggregation of nucleated cells, concealing within them the parent cell, or central point of the action called into play by the warmth of the parent bird. The disc gradually enlarges its dimensions, and by the same process that contributes to the increase of all animal fibre, by forming cell after cell; retaining, however, its primitive form. The growth goes on, and at the end of the eighth hour, whitish circular furrows are visible, commonly termed *halos*. The deposition of cells, for which the yolk furnishes the material, becomes continuous; they range

* Light and electricity travel at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second of time.

themselves on the substance of the disc in concentric layers, showing, even at this early stage of their development, the existence of a law of motion operating in a circular direction. This motion Dr Bullar considers to be identical with that created by electro-magnetism.

The next process is that by which these cells are formed into blood, and vessels for its transmission. Faint streaks appear radiating directly from the first centre, uniting at a sharp curve, which afterwards becomes the heart of the animal, and forming eventually a complete circle by the junction of the capillaries at the circumference. In these radii we have evidence of another force, whose direction is at right angles to that by which the deposition of cells in concentric circles had been accomplished. The radiating vessels also appropriate new matter from the yolk, and present in their development a variety of forms, a network of cylindrical and circular channels, yellowish in colour, and all tending to the central germ. An undulatory motion, which has been for some time visible in the substance immediately surrounding the disc, now changes its character, pulsates, and drives the blood in scarcely perceptible red streaks through the larger vessels. Around these vessels, which at first are transparent, there is a continued deposition of cells, in such a manner, as to lead to the inference that the motion of the blood in one direction produces another motion at right angles to its course, at the same time forming the tubes through which it flows.

Whatever may be thought of these theoretical views, they are in exact conformity with the laws of electro-magnetic action. It has been established by Professor Faraday, that 'when a current is first formed, it tends to produce a current in the contrary direction in all the matter around it; and if that matter have conducting properties, and be fitly circumstanced, such a current is produced.' In the case of the egg of the bird, or the *ovum* of the mammal, there is no failing of essential circumstances; the material of growth and warmth are abundantly supplied. If iron filings be placed in contact with an electric wire, they immediately range themselves round it in concentric rings. If placed on a sheet of pasteboard over a magnet, they assume the form of regular curves, diverging from each pole, and meeting in the centre. Again, if a flat spiral coil of wire magnetised be laid on iron filings, they take a position in lines through its axis, and bending over at the extremities, form a continuous circumference, as instanced in the radii from the disc of the egg to the circle of capillaries. It should not be forgotten that there is a marked difference between the galvanic and magnetic currents: while the former passes directly along a wire, the latter revolves round it—one is direct, the other rotary.

The spiral coil of galvanic power may thus be taken to represent the disc containing the embryo, while the arrangement of the radii and capillaries represents the disposition of the iron filings in obedience to the magnetic force. Hence Dr Bullar concludes, that, whether physiological or chemical, the forces are in both cases the same: the galvanic force circulating in the disc once admitted, the magnetic force operating in the direction of the radii of vessels is necessarily involved. And although the actual movements are invisible in the living substance, there is little difficulty in believing them to be such as described, when we see their progressive development in obedience to this law.

The truth of the hypothesis is further strengthened by Seebeck's experiments: he showed that the circulation through a coil of a current of heat, instead of galvanism, was equally productive of radiating magnetic currents. In this case the analogy is still more striking: heat is the motive power in both operations; both possess dispositions for the distribution of the forces, and are always at right angles with the other. A still more striking analogy is found in the results attendant on the use of a hollow spiral or helix. The galvanic force passing along the wire creates a current within the

coil; if placed under water, a needle floated on cork would be carried through it; and when brought into contact with iron filings, they arrange themselves in a circle, one segment of which passes through the helix.

The analogy between the vital and chemical actions is thus made out: the formation of blood, with its circulation and development of tubular channels, are coincident, indicating a direct and a circular motion, the latter, with the materials at its disposal, constructing the tube. The veins in the body, as is well known, form a complete circuit, departing from the heart, and reuniting in the capillaries at the extremities—in which arrangement we find a compliance with one of the essential conditions. The cells, constituting the form in which power is first developed, become red globules by the influence of oxygen, and show, by flowing in one direction, that they are acted on by the vital force; and at the same time the arrangement of other small transparent cells round the moving current sufficiently proves the existence of a direct as well as of a circular movement.

It is a well-established fact, both in vegetable and animal physiology, that the first indication of organisation is a cell, possessing a central energy, with the power of appropriating and arranging other cells, which in turn become new centres of power, and extend the assimilating process. Coral, and many other geological formations, consist of cells: the integrity of the epidermis is maintained by a continual growth of cells. 'Discoid corpuscles,' says Martin Barry, 'circulate in plants; and spirals appear to be as universal as fibrous structure.' In plants, as in animals, these corpuscles become coils, and eventually spirals. His examination of blood-vessels showed them to be formed with an inner structure of longitudinal filaments, surrounded externally by other spiral filaments. 'Not only,' he continues, 'does every tissue seem to arise out of discs having all the same appearance, but the primary arrangement and early metamorphoses of these discs seem to be the same. We recognise the same combination of spiral threads in the mould of cheese as in the brain of man. How wonderful the fact, that out of materials so similar, structures should be found endowed with properties so different!'

The same law seems thus to pervade all the vital operations of nature: the explanation, however, to be chiefly looked for, is of the mysteries of the animal economy. How much takes place in the system that cannot be accounted for by the mere action of the heart! What a field for investigation—investigation according to the rigorous principles of philosophy—remains to be cultivated by the diligent student. As an important step in advance, we hail the discoveries of the learned Matteucci; they cannot but stimulate British physiologists.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LONDON LODGINGS.

No one who has not tried it, can have any idea of the difficulty of procuring lodgings in London of a respectable and comfortable kind; and if to these qualities we add that of moderate charges, the difficulty is tenfold increased. Lodgings are plentiful, though much more so in some districts than others; but those who keep them may be said to be all pretty much of one genus—people in struggling circumstances, who try to make both ends meet by letting their apartments to strangers. Some may be said to make a business of it; but, on the whole, few let lodgings who can command a better means of livelihood.

It has not been without pain that I have remarked a tendency in popular literature to throw ridicule on the letters of lodgings. In some instances, no doubt, they expose themselves to reproof and sarcasm by their attempts to overreach or deceive customers. But reflect for a moment on the manner in which they are too

often treated. They can never guard altogether against imposition. Persons of the fairest appearance, and with what may seem good references, frequently turn out to be of infamous character. Among those even who are in all ordinary respects unobjectionable, how many are reckless as to the trouble they give, or the destruction of furniture and other articles of which they have the use. It is a matter of droll comment, that as you ascend from storey to storey, the accommodations are progressively shabby. On the first floor, which commands perhaps a couple of guineas a-week, things are pretty decent and entire. On the second, there is an evident falling-off: the carpets are threadbare, chairs are not well-matched, the china is cracked, and the candlesticks have long since lost all pretensions to plating. On ascending to the third floor, things are seen to wear a much more disconsolate aspect: the carpets are now in holes, certain chairs have broken backs, jugs have lost their handles, and the teapot is minus a part of its spout. Now, of all this not a little fun may be made. But are the persons, generally speaking, who take these lodgings, deserving of anything better? It is not the letters of the lodgings who break the backs of chairs, kick holes in the carpets, crack glasses, and knock off the spouts of teapots. It is lodgers themselves who play all these merry pranks. I remember once occupying the second floor of a lodging in London, and was robbed of all comfort by the exploits of a German who lived on the floor beneath. This monster, who was some way connected with one of the theatres, never came home till about one in the morning; and all the way up stairs, and till he went to bed, he amused himself with singing an unintelligible German song. At seven he awoke, and commenced smoking in bed, the fumes from his odious pipe ascending through the whole house. Having thus indulged himself for an hour or two, he rose, and, by way of prelude to breakfast, played an air on a bassoon, or some such atrocious instrument. After this, till he sallied out, towards the afternoon, the whole house was kept in a state of distraction with the noises which he and his visitors unscrupulously made. So great was the nuisance, that I at length removed to another establishment.

Such is a sample of the annoyances to which lodging-house keepers are constantly exposed; and the repetition of these things tends unquestionably to harden their feelings, and indispose them to take any great pains to make their lodgers comfortable. During a residence of several years in London lodgings, I have had occasion to mark the many privations to which their keepers subject themselves for the sake of a livelihood. For one thing, how surprising their capacity for enduring confinement and want of fresh air. Those who live long in town do not notice this, but it seldom fails to be remarked by strangers. I shall never forget how very forcibly I was made acquainted with this capacity when I went in search of apartments in the respectable but not stylish region which lies between Queen Square and Grey's Inn. The mode of living in lodgings was to me quite a novelty. I had left behind me the comforts and conveniences of a home; added to which, I had never been accustomed to live in a town, but had breathed the comparatively pure air of the suburb of a provincial city. The street which I selected was one of that sort never seen except in London—rather narrow, but clean and quiet. The houses were uniform, and very high. They could scarcely be said to look like private dwelling-houses, yet their appearance was respectable, though not inviting. They seemed exactly the sort of houses that a large and respectable family would not select, so closely were they packed together, and so uninviting was their external aspect. Notices in various windows informed the passer-by that 'furnished apartments' were to be had. After a good deal of inspection, I obtained two rooms on a first floor, and shortly afterwards removed my carpet-bag and

small trunk to my lodgings. When I had been settled for a few days, I had leisure to look round on my position, and see what sort of a place my new domicile was. The house in which I lodged consisted of four storeys, and I soon perceived that the portion occupied by the owners was a very insignificant portion indeed. The proprietors were a man and his wife. I mention the wife particularly, because she appeared to all intents and purposes as the sole owner. They had a family of three children. The man was engaged in business during the day, so that he did get a little out-door exercise; but the wife and the children seemed fixtures of the establishment. They reserved to themselves a single room, which was an under-kitchen, and this apartment fulfilled the end of kitchen, wash-house, sitting-room, and drawing-room. Their capacity to live without air seemed to me most wonderful. They appeared to consider themselves as strictly nobody, or rather in the light of second-rate pieces of furniture, to be stowed in the least possible space. As for going out, the mistress never dreamt of such a luxury. The consumption of shoes and bonnets was next to nothing. They never visited any friends, and never invited any. If you talked, as I sometimes did, about the pleasures of the country, and the beauty of green fields, the idea of such things seemed almost unknown, or, if ever known, they seemed entirely to have forgotten it. They were born in London, they had lived all their lives in London, and they scarcely seemed capable of forming a conception of any world beyond its suburbs. I believe this to be a most faithful sketch of a very numerous and singular class, which is to be met with in no other place but the metropolis.

I could not help putting to myself the question, while I was the inmate of this domicile, whether these people were happy, and whether it was the sort of life which befits the dignity and capacity of such a creature as man? It seemed to me, who had been accustomed to society, that this mode of existence was scarcely to be called living, but rather vegetating. Their information was positively nothing, except about the streets in their immediate vicinity. As for reading or meditation, there seemed to be no opportunity for either. There was not poverty, but there seemed to be all the inconveniences arising from it. The children in such a family were objects of great pity: too far from the parks to enjoy themselves there, and too well brought up to play in the streets, they were necessarily confined to the house. I learned many excellent lessons during my lodger-life; and, among others, I learned how thankful ought they to be who had the blessing of a garden behind the house—a thing often slighted, but which no one can fully appreciate until he pays a visit to London in the capacity of a lodger.

In some lodgings which it has been my fate to inhabit, the master and mistress of the establishment were of a superior class, so far as going out is concerned. They could indulge in a walk on Sunday, or occasionally attend the theatre; and I have sometimes been surprised at the quantity of knowledge which such persons possess of the opera, which they look upon as a kind of earthly paradise, and which they imagine all the world ought to be very much delighted with. I believe I have frequently lost all character for taste, in London, by saying I did not care for the opera. But this is wandering from the subject. I was speaking of lodging-house keepers who can indulge in an outing (a London word), and these consequently must have some factotum in the shape of a servant-of-all-work, to whom the mistress can resign the charge of the domicile. We hear a great deal about slaves and the horrors of slavery, and women working in coal-pits, and children working in factories, but it is my conscientious conviction that nobody deserves more pity than the servant-of-all-work in a lodging-house. Up early, and down late, on her feet all day long, answering the door, attending to bells, cooking and slaving in the kitchen, carrying up coals to the apartments, sweeping stairs—ordered, worried by every-

body. What a life the poor wretch leads; and what she complains of most, never an instant to clean herself! She is about as dirty as a sweep. Even on Sundays, she has but a faint remission from duty. By way of an immense favour, she is allowed to go to evening service once a fortnight. The soul of a maid-of-all-work is, I suppose, thought to be very little worth. Dear, kind-hearted legislators, do not lavish all your compassion on factory workers. Spare a little for domestic servants. Do pass a law that they shall not labour more than the moderate quantity of eighteen hours out of the four-and-twenty!

It has been remarked, that the greatest solitude in the world is to be alone in London. A young man becomes painfully aware of this truth when he is settled in one of the abodes I have above described. The family circle, the agreeable chit-chat, the sisterly or maternal affection, the thousand comforts of home, are sadly missed. If there is one thing more than another the want of which is painfully felt, it is the charm of female society. After being engaged in business, or which is very often the case, the *pursuit* of business, the whole day, to return to one's lonely lodgings with no friend to greet, no company to cheer, is what renders even a sojourn in London so distasteful and almost insupportable to country visitants. The lodger sits in his apartment in the midst of the huge city, whose whole extent, with its millions of human beings, contains no friend, perhaps no acquaintance. The occasional knock at the door announces no friendly visitor. Perhaps the occupant of the second floor, who, after labouring in the uninviting toils of a salaried law-clerk during the day, returns to his wife and three children, who have seen no familiar face since his departure; or perhaps a fellow-adventurer is retiring to his single apartment on the top floor, which serves both as a sitting and bedroom.

If a young man has not means sufficient to support frequent attendance at the theatres, and other places of amusement; if he is compelled to live frugally, and has no friends or acquaintances to whom he may occasionally resort, a life in London requires no slight self-dependence, no small self-sufficiency, to yield anything like pleasure or satisfaction. The property of 'homesickness' becomes very strongly developed; and nothing short of a stern necessity, or an indomitable perseverance, can sustain the wanderer from the domestic hearth. It is a common remark, that *friends* are much more scarce than *acquaintances*; and at no time is the truth of this observation more strikingly apparent than during a pilgrimage in the metropolis. And yet, with all these drawbacks; notwithstanding the vast and thronged solitude, the absence of friends, and of fresh air; notwithstanding the narrow street, the close room, the dingy curtains, and the solitary meal—there is yet a pleasure, great and supporting, in the pursuit of a worthy object amid such sources of discouragement and depression. There is a satisfaction in overcoming difficulties, and in battling with opposing circumstances, which the pleasure-seeker never knows; and the diligent frequenter of theatres, the visitor in crowded halls, and the attendant on the marts of fashion, has never felt, and is incapable of feeling, the proud self-gratulation which arises in the breast of the youth struggling in the solitude of London—battling to overcome difficulties, and buoyed up with the hope of being ultimately successful.

It is pleasing to know that the condition of young men in lodgings in London is beginning to be meliorated by various movements in the social world. A cheap and improving kind of literature offers its solacements; associations of the club-house character, or at least offering the advantages of a library and lectures, have been established in different quarters of the metropolis; and for strangers falling into sickness, that useful establishment, the Sanatorium, offers a friendly asylum on moderate terms, and thus is illness robbed of one of its most distressing features.

BOOK-BORROWING.

WHEN we were at school, it was customary for the boys to write on the fly-leaf of all their books, especially their more attractive ones, these verses, intended as a sort of 'take notice' for the careless and the furtive borrower:—

'If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently, think seriously,
Keep cleanly, return duly,
With the corners of the leaves not turned down.'

In the three first lines of these familiar verses, the owner very generously offers to lend the book to any friend who simply wants to read and study it. This praiseworthy liberality is quite in the spirit of that of the celebrated book-collector Grollier, who had his splendid volumes inscribed with the words, *Jo. Grollierii et amicorum*, implying that they were intended for the use of his friends as well as himself. There is something selfish in refusing to lend a book, provided it is not a very rare or costly one. The selfish book-owner should be reminded of the anecdote of the poor student at college, who sent a note to one of the professors to ask the loan of a book. The professor's reply was, that he never lent books to any one, but that the student was very welcome to come to his library and read all day long. Soon after this denial, on one very frosty morning the professor, not being able to get his fire to burn, sent to the poor student to borrow a pair of bellows. 'No,' said the youth, 'I never lend my bellows to any one, but the professor is quite welcome to come here and blow my fire all day long.' At an early period, when books were exceedingly rare and valuable, from their existing only in the form of manuscript, it was but reasonable to refuse to lend them, as their accidental loss would have been irreparable. It was customary then to secure them to the shelves by chains, ropes, bolts, &c. The library at Grantham still contains several books attached to chains. During the thirteenth century, so scarce and precious were the manuscript books, that it sometimes happened that if a religious council were assembled, and wanted to consult the works of the Fathers, they had to send to a considerable distance to borrow them at much expense, giving a heavy security for their safe return. The works of eminent medical men were so rarely to be met with, that on one occasion, when a king of France wished to possess a copy of the writings of Baize, a celebrated Arabian physician, the faculty of medicine of Paris would not lend it even to the monarch without pledges. Heber, the great book-collector, intended to have bequeathed his extensive library to the British Museum, but he altered his will, in consequence of the authorities at that institution refusing to lend him a rare work, which he wished to compare with one in his possession, he being at the time confined to his house, and unable to go to the library. The condition on lending a book, that the borrower is not to take upon himself to lend it, is very necessary with many free-and-easy sort of people. Charles Lamb, writing to Coleridge, says, 'Why will you make your visits, which should give pleasure, matter of regret to your friends? You never come but you take away some folio, that is part of my existence. I had no right to lend you the book you have just taken. I may lend you my own books, because it is at my own hazard, but it is not honest to hazard a friend's property; I always make that distinction.' Many a reader must have had the mortification to find that books, if often lent, return to him no more. We can call to mind a long list of works, and solitary volumes of works, that have had leave of

absence, but are never likely to rejoin their regiment. Some time ago, the 'Sydney Gazette' contained an advertisement from a gentleman, requesting his friends to return various books that they had borrowed, and, by way of inducement, promising to lend them more afterwards. Sir Walter Scott, on lending a book to a friend, begged that he would not fail to return it, adding good-humouredly, 'Although most of my friends are bad arithmeticians, they are all good book-keepers.' This joke of Sir Walter's reminds us of some one's witty verses, entitled 'The Art of Book-keeping,' in which the following lines occur:—

'How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend—that's lose—their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favourite tome,
But never read it through:
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

Behold the book-shelf of a dunce
Who borrows—never lends;
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut,"
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are split;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra-guilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left, to be
Like all the rest, a-lore.

I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

They picked my Locke, to me far more
Than Braham's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a Home on earth.

Even Glover's works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon,
Though ever since I lost my Foote,
My Bunyan has been gone.

My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on Gray,
There's gray upon my locks.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;
For oh! they've cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Aken-side.

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they have not found me Gay,
They have not left me Sterne.

To an advertisement of a recent work on *Surnames*, the publisher adds this line of recommendation:—'An amusing volume, which comes home to everybody.' If so, it must be a capital book to lend, for most works are sadly deficient in instinct to find their way home.

Last year it was stated in the Chamber of Deputies that, through lending works from the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, no less than twenty thousand of its volumes are lost, and a great number mutilated. The manuscript of Molière, stolen thence in 1825, was recently offered for sale by auction in Paris, the minister of public instruction not being able to recover it by means of the tribunals, for want of any mark to prove its identity. By recent regulations, this valuable library is protected from the recurrence of such depredations. In our own country, the British Museum has not escaped from stealers of books, manuscripts, prints, and specimens. To steal from such places as these—free, public,

national libraries—is not only a crime, but a folly, as it is like trying to rob one's own library, for it already belongs to everybody. The universal feeling ought rather to be an anxiety to add something to it, than a mean wish to filch from it.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

The following is told on the authority of Mr Moffat, the Cape missionary:—A man having sat down on a shelving low rock near a small fountain to take a little rest after his hearty drink, he fell asleep; but the heat of the rock soon disturbed his dreams, when he beheld a 'large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet.' He was at first struck motionless with terror, but recovering his presence of mind, he eyed his gun, and began moving his hand slowly towards it, when the lion raised its head and gave a tremendous roar; the same awful warning being repeated whenever the man attempted to move his hand. The rock at length became so heated, that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot: the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet fast feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, when, seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, it turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. But another night passed as the former had done; and the next day again the lion went towards the water, but while there, 'he listened to some noise apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes.' The man now seized his gun, but on first essaying to rise, he dropt, his ankles being without power. At length he made the best of his way on his hands and knees, and soon after fell in with another native, who took him to a place of safety; and, as he expressed it, with his 'toes roasted.' This man belonged to 'Mr Schmelmer's congregation at Bethany.' 'He lost his toes, and was a cripple for life.'

AN INCONSISTENCY.

The horror which is especially evinced in the minds of us all by the death of one man by railway accident, more than by other means, I have often thought must result from the idea that at any time it may be our own case; yet here are thousands upon thousands annually destroyed around us by means as fatal, but, with common care, more easily prevented, which at any moment may seize upon the strongest of us; and this, until lately, with scarcely a word or a thought upon the subject. Happily, however, we are now on the eve of a great and glorious and irresistible change.—*Report of H. Austin, Esq. on the Sanitary Condition of Worcester.*

THE SIN OF BUILDING UNWHOLESOME HOUSES.

It is proved that, besides the waste of money, health, and life incurred by the system now usually pursued in erecting the lower classes of dwellings in great towns, where comfort, cleanliness, and decency are either not thought of at all, or are sacrificed to a short-sighted greediness of gain, there is also an incalculable amount of demoralisation attributable to the same causes; and that, to say the least, an effectual bar is thereby put to the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of this large portion of the community.—*Letters of the Rev. C. Girdlestone.*

SALE OF NEGRO CHILDREN.

According to an advertisement in a New Orleans newspaper, the following 'orphan children' are offered for sale:—John, aged about twelve years; James, aged about eleven years; David, aged about nine years; Cyrus, aged about nine years; Yellow Alex., aged about eight years; Black Alex., aged about eight years; Abraham, aged about five years. Negro children are usually valued by their weight, that being considered a pretty good criterion of their health and strength. The custom, accordingly, is to place them in the scales. A likely boy will fetch from five to six dollars a-pound; but some go as high as nine dollars a-pound.

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